

The history

Cres. Then sweet my Lord ile call mine vncle downe,
Hee shall vnbolt the gates.

Troyl. Trouble him not.

To bed to bed : sleepe kill those pritty eyes,
And giue as soft attachment to thy fences,
As infants empty of all thought.

Cres. Good morrow then.

Troyl. I prithee now to bed.

Cres. Are you a weary of me ?

Troyl. O *Cresseida* ! but that the busie day,
Wak't by the Larke hath rouzd the ribald Crowes,
And dreaming night will hide our ioyes no longer,
I would not from thee.

Cres. Night hath beene too brieft.

Tro. Beshtew the witch ! with venomous wights she staies
As tediously as hell, But flies the graspes of loue,
With wings more momentary swift then thought,
You will catch colde and curse me.

Cres. Prithee tarry, you men will neuer tarry,
O foolish *Cresseid*, I might haue still held of,
And then you would haue tarried. Hark ther's one vp.

Pand. Whats a'l the doores open heere ?

Troyl. It is your Vncle.

Cres. A pestilence on him : now will he be mocking :
I shall haue such a life.

Pand. How now, how now, how go maiden-heads,
Heere you maide, where's my cozin *Cresseid* ?

Cres. Go hang your selfe, you naughty, mocking vncle,
You bring me to doo---and then you floute me to.

Pand. To do what, to do what ? let her say what,
What haue I brought you to doe ?

Cres. Come, come, be shrew your heart, youle nere be good,
nor suffer others.

Pand. Ha, ha : alas poore wretch : a poore *chipockin*, ha't
not slept to night ? would hee not (a naughty man) let it
sleepe, a bug-bear'd take him.

Cres. Did not I tell you ? would he were knockt ith' head,
Who's that at doore, good vncle go and see. *One knocks.*

My

of Troylus and Cressida

My Lord, come you againe into my
You smile and mock me, as if I mea

Troyl. Ha, ha.

Cres. Come you are deceiued, I
How earnestly they knock, pray you
I would not for halfe *Troy* haue you

Pand. Who's there ? what's the
downe the doore ? How now, what

Aene. Good morrow Lord, good

Pand. Who's there my Lord *Aene.*
you not : what newes with you so

Aene. I, not Prince *Troylus* heer

Pand. Here, what should he do h

Aene. Come he is here, my Lord
It doth import him much to speak

Pan. Is he here say yourits more t
For my owne part I came in late
here ?

Aene. Who, nay then ! Come, co
ere you are ware, youle be so true
Do not you know of him, but yet

Troyl. How now, whats the ma

Aene. My Lord, I scarce haue l
My matter is so rash : there is at h
Paris your brother, and *Deiphobus*
The Grecian *Diomed*, and our *An*
Deliu'er'd to him, and forth-with,
Ere the first sacrifice, within this h
We must giue vp to *Diomedes* han
The Lady *Cresseida*.

Troyl. Is it so concluded ?

Aene. By *Priam* and the gene
They are at hand, and ready to eff

Troyl. How my atchiuements r
I will go meete them : and my Lo

We met by chance, you did not fir

Aene. Good, good, my lord, the s
Haue not more guift in taciturni